

BUY THE BRAINS BEHIND THE CORN

It Cost One Farmer \$500, but
He Won Out.

THEY DETERMINE THE VALUES

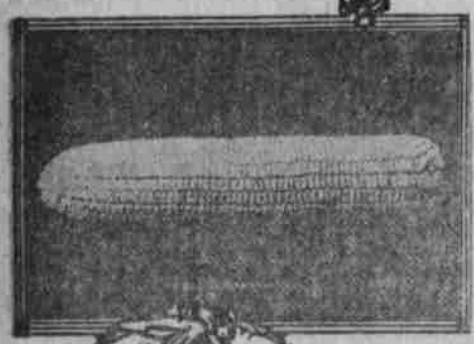
Raw Material is Cheap, but the
Amount of Brains Mixed With It in
Manufacture Means Profit or Loss.
Learn How.

Some years ago a Hoosier farmer began to breed fine seed corn. At one of the great national corn shows, held at Chicago, he took the first prize for a single ear of corn. The rule governing this exhibit was that the ear taking first prize became the property of the corn show. The farmer was in despair until he learned that this "best ear in the world" would be sold at public auction to the highest bidder. He determined he must keep this ear of corn for seed on his own farm at any cost. HE BOUGHT THE EAR FOR \$500.

Every one said he was crazy to pay such a price for a single ear of corn. Of course any other ear of the same weight and costing about 1 1/2 cents would have fed as much stock or made as many cornmeal butter cakes for breakfast. Why was he willing to pay such a huge price for the corn? He was not buying corn at all. HE WAS BUYING THE BRAINS BEHIND ITS PRODUCTION.

Raw material is cheap; the amount of brains mixed with it in its manufacture fixes its market value. A piece of window glass is cheap; a watch crystal is more expensive; a lens for a fine camera is quite expensive; the objective for a great telescope may cost a small fortune. What is true of corn or any raw material is true of men. A fine, strong, vigorous man can be bought for \$2 as a laborer. Mix brains enough for him to handle a section gang, and he will bring \$3 per day.

Mix brains enough to fit him for a



A \$500 EAR OF CORN.

conductor, and he will bring \$4 to \$5 per day on the market.

Enough brains to handle a great railroad system, and he brings \$100 per day on the open market.

All values in the market of the world are educated brain values. The cheapest education is the best, for the efficient, well educated man is the high priced commodity.

Painting and Grapefruit.

"You say that teacher wants you to get some paint an' a paint brush, Bobby?" exclaimed a farmer.

"Yes, sir, to paint pictures with," answered his eight-year-old hopeful.

"Do you know when I went to school I had lots of old blue back spellers an' hickory ile an' no frills or fur-belowes. I reckon I'll have to get 'em for you, but it looks like a plumb waste of time, this paintin' of pictures."

His good wife smiled behind her glasses and kept on sewing. Some time later, when Bobby was fast asleep, she adroitly asked the man enveloped in the blue haze of White Horse, "Rob, what did you get when you were in town this afternoon?"

"Why, I got those repairs for the shredder that had come by express, an' I saw some nice grapefruit an' oranges an' brought a few along. Why?"

"What was the use of bringin' them home? You know we had plenty of bacon, potatoes, beans an' coffee in the pantry, didn't you?"

"Gradually the man struggled out of the smoke long enough to exclaim: 'One reason I got 'em was to please you. Great Scott, don't you ever get worked out, tired to death of fat meat an' coffee, woman?'"

"Of course I do, an' I like grapefruit an' all kinds of odds an' ends to give me an appetite for the plain, substantial things. But, an' a pleasant, mischievous smile spread over her soft, motherly face, "you an' I were raised on fat meat, coffee an' lots of hickory ile, weren't we, Rob?"

For a moment the man's face wore a puzzled look. Suddenly his face cleared, and he laughed heartily and said: "I reckon I was kinder hard on Bobby just now. You are right—things are different now, an' they're a lot better than they used to be. I see what you are drivin' at, mother. Yes, the teacher wants to use the paintin' like a kinder relish or side dish to keep up their appetite for the rest of the everyday school grub."

The natural resources of any country are limited. The only resource that is without a limit is human brains.

A RESPONSIVE CHORD

By NORA NAHL.

"What did he ever see in her?" The question fell from the lips of a girl of twenty, fully conscious of the budding beauty of young womanhood and all it meant of power. "She hasn't apparently one redeeming feature; why, she is positively gawky."

The woman addressed, an attractive matron of about 35, turned a critical gaze after the figure of the little woman disappearing down the street, and a knowing smile curled her lips. "I will tell you," she said.

"About five years ago Arthur Smith was engaged to the most beautiful girl in our set; you are too young to remember just how beautiful she was—at any rate, she completely conquered Arthur—he had eyes for no one else when she was near. At every function he was her devoted slave—every wish was anticipated and gratified—nothing was too good for her—no task too difficult to perform that would add to her comfort and happiness."

"When the Spanish-American war broke out, Ann Reynolds, now Mrs. Smith, had been studying for two years to be a trained nurse. She had one supreme gift—the gift of tenderness, and Nellie, in a woman this is not to be despised. All women do not possess it. Ann's brother and Arthur happened to be injured about the same time and were placed on beds side by side in the same southern hospital. On account of her training and her brother's illness, Ann Reynolds volunteered to go as a nurse to this hospital, and endeavor to save not only her brother's life, but to do what she could to save the lives of others who had become ill in the government service."

"About this time Arthur had written an appealing letter home, or, rather, had asked that it be written, as he was too ill to do more than express a wish, asking that his sweetheart come to him (they had been engaged just before he left for the south), as he feared he had contracted a dangerous and contagious disease, but usually the ones we love do not consider such things as this when a life is concerned; at least, I am generous enough to think that most women would not. Well, to make a long story short, Arthur's sweetheart refused flatly to go to his bedside. It afterward came out—somehow these things always do—that she feared contracting the fever and thereby marring her beauty."

"When Ann arrived at the hospital and found that the patient in the bed next to her brother was from the same city as she, they said she worked untiringly with him night after night with an intensity that probably saved his life—at least, the doctors gave her the credit—and won out with glowing words of praise from them all. When it was all over, however, and he was on the high road to health, she succumbed under the strain, and lay for weeks hovering between life and death."

"During her illness Arthur wrote a short note to his fiancée, releasing her from her engagement, and when he returned home, which did not happen for many weeks afterward, he announced his engagement to the little woman who had risked a very precious and useful life to save that of a perfect stranger. One of his old friends said afterward that in announcing the news to him he had made the remark that those few weeks in the hospital had taught him the most valuable lesson in his life—that beauty of face and form, while pleasing to the eye, were but fleeting possessions, and that as he watched the devoted and self-sacrificing little woman moving from one to the other of the sufferers, giving her service willingly and with a grace and sweetness that brightened the whole place, bringing hope and sunshine to many a homesick and despairing man, he had realized that there was something deeper, nobler and more transcendently beautiful in the world than mere physical beauty, and one which would last until death, and he finished by saying: 'And so I lost my heart, or, rather, gave it into keeping of the noblest woman I had ever met, or ever expect to meet in this world.'"

The speaker finished the story in a low, soft voice, and as she glanced over at the beautiful young girl opposite, she noticed a tear trickling down her cheek, and the serious look that met hers from the brown eyes told her that the recital had touched a responsive chord in her nature.

Telling the Bees.

The custom of "telling the bees" is often referred to by those interested in curious happenings. In some parts of England it has always been the habit to inform the bees whenever there is a death in the family, particularly when it is that of the master or mistress.

Some one raps upon the board supporting the hives and says: "Mourn with us, Master (or mistress) of the house is dead."

It is thought that if this duty is neglected the bees will die, and many old servants are fond of telling how the bees pine away when no one thinks to give them the sad message.

Carries Him Back.

"I never drink coffee with cream, in it."

"Why not?"

"It always makes me homesick."

"I don't understand."

"I was born on the banks of the Missouri river."

"Yes?"

"A cup of coffee with cream in it is just about the color of the stream I used to sport in when a boy."

A TRAMP FIRE-FIGHTER

By IDA ALEXANDER.

For a week now the tramp had been fighting fire with the other fire-fighters. Why he had done so he hardly knew. The pay was not large and the risk was. He had been almost cornered again and again. At times, escape had seemed impossible, but he had raced his way to safety, while his blistered feet and smoke-clogged lungs protested. But he had always won out. Now he had distanced the fire once again, and lay stretched in the shade, genuinely weary, sincerely sick of it all.

"Let the owners fight," he said, half aloud. "Later on they'll run me out from the shade of the very trees I help to save. I ain't got a back."

The resolution had come suddenly. He had fully intended to return after snatching an hour or so of well-earned rest.

It was in the early forenoon that he had laid down. It seemed hours before his tired eyes closed, and but a moment before he was rudely awakened. Men were pulling at him; men were shouting in his ear. The words at last penetrated drowsily into his mind.

"Get up, Bill. Get up for God's sake. It's comin' this way."

He sat up at last, sulkily and half awake. "I don't give a—"

The faces of the men were blackened and bleeding.

"Jenks an' Bert's lost," said one. "Well, I didn't find 'em," said the tramp.

"God, find them!" said the other, reverently. "They've burned to death."

He heard the news callously. There had been so many that the shock was quite gone from the tale. It was only when enacted before the eye, in all its gruesome details, that it had power even partially to shock.

He settled back again. "I ain't goin' to get up."

The others stood ready to go. The man half turned, but paused. "Bill" once more, will ye come? It's hittin' now for a place where there's little children—little children, mind ye, without any idee what danger means."

Bill raised his lank figure till he stood an inch above the others. "I'll come," he said.

Backward now they turned with the quick step of men who knew that time meant life. All trace of listlessness had vanished from Bill's face and figure. He was the alert fire-fighter, untiring, unafraid.

All day they fought, each with the courage and the strength of ten. It was night before they acknowledged that their efforts had been without avail.

Bill threw down his ax, and pointed his lean finger. "Some one ought to tell 'em," he said. And then, as no one spoke, "I'll go."

It was trackless way through the forest and thick underbrush, but Bill raced on, hurried by the roaring of the fire, handicapped by his weariness, harried by the fear that he might not be in time.

The people of the village were awake, clustered around in groups, watching the light that hung like a menace in the sky. There were no men among them. The men were away, battling with the danger that threatened their homes. So it fell to Bill to prepare and urge forward the hurried flight. It was he who remembered everything—meat and drink, warm clothes for the wide-eyed children. He harnessed and made ready. "Throw out everything, if you ain't makin' a good get-away," he cautioned, then gave the word, and the heavily laden teams moved off.

"You! You! You ain't comin'!" the women shrilled back to him.

"After a bit. You're loaded enough. I'll be along 'fore long."

Already the flames were sending forth their sly sparks. Presently the enemy would throw caution to the winds, and advance upon him.

"Any other place could 'a' burned and been durned 'fore I'd 'a' done it. But this! I couldn't never forget that little shaver as wanted to gi' me his pile—all of it. I jest had to do it."

And Bill, fire-fighter and tramp, settled comfortably back, with his eyes on the approaching fire, and the strange smile still shadowing his mouth with a beauty that would have made his mother glad.

History of the Gun.

Since the introduction of gunpowder as a propellant and the general use of firearms in warfare and hunting, there has been a more or less insistent demand for mechanisms that would give the soldier or hunter a number of shots at his command without reloading, and enable them to be rapidly discharged. The first patent for a firearm of this description seems to have been issued by the British patent office in 1718, to James Puckle, a citizen of London, for a gun mounted upon a tripod, having a single barrel and a revolving cylinder. Strangely enough, one of the claims set forth in this patent appears almost verbatim, 180 years later, in a patent taken out by Rollin White, an American inventor, of a revolving pistol. Another curious claim of the patent was: "The mechanism permits the use of square bullets against the Turk and round bullets against Christians; moreover, so great is the rapidity of fire, that ships armed with the gun cannot be boarded by an attacking force."—S. J. Fort in the Outing Magazine.

An Open Contract.

Dyer—Had your appendix removed yet?

Ryer—No, but I have several physicians estimating on the job—life.

STATIONERY FOR CHRISTMAS

In view of the growing demand for box paper we have enlarged very considerably on this line, and are now able to offer you such a variety of tints and textures as have never before been seen in the city.

Stationery makes an ideal gift for Christmas, being extremely practical, useful, and at all times highly acceptable. We have some very dainty boxes for gifts which we should like to show you. These boxes are not what you would term Christmasy but are elegant in appearance and moderate in price.

Initial paper is a thing which we are also featuring at present. This comes in White only with a beautiful initial, (twenty-four sheets of paper and twenty-four envelopes to the box) and can be furnished with any initial at 50c per box.

St. Bernard Mining Co.
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How To Build A College Without A Penny.

The December American Magazine contains a remarkable account of J. A. Burns, a Kentucky mountaineer and feudist who saw the futility of the life he and his neighbors were leading and set out to found a college. He called a meeting of feudists and those who were present came armed. They fell in with the plan, however, and as a result Oneida Institute was founded and is doing a great work. Burns is a man of the Lincoln type. Following is an extract:

"Burns had not a dollar when he began to build his college. Henry Hensley gave him fifty dollars. I suppose that was the greatest college donation ever made in America. It was on a little piece of land, also offered in donation, that Burns began to build his college."

"He began it all alone. A blacksmith made him some stone working tools out of a crowbar. He quarried and laid the foundations of Oneida Institute's first building all by himself. He began next on the woodwork, still alone. Shamsfaced some of his neighbors came to help him. Soon there were twenty men helping him at the building. They worked blithely, and pretty much all night sometimes. They worked all by themselves out in the mountains, with no thought of recognition, with no idea of glory or reward. Burns worked five miles back and forth over the mountains when he went home to sleep, but, mostly he slept in the shavings under his work-bench, and sometimes it was midnight before he found time to sleep. But in some way that first rude building, used as a boys' dormitory, got itself built. It is a plain, severe building, which makes small show in a picture. To me it seemed a very wonderful sort of edifice when I saw it and heard its simple history. And all I was after in there was a purely Philistine story!"

"In 1900 Burns went to the Southern Baptist Convention at Louisville. He was an orator now, with that natural and convincing oratory which you sometimes find among simple people. They talk yet of the address he made to that convention. Now mostly you wouldn't go to a convention of Baptist ministers to raise money. Whether or not Burns asked for money I do not know, but, seeing his necessity greater than theirs, that band of preachers raised four hundred dollars for him—in silver! Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Marvin, of Louisville, heard him, or heard of him. They gave him five thousand dollars, which, pieced out with local labor and material, meant a ten-thousand-dollar recitation-hall of brick, which grew slowly from 1901 to 1903. These friends have remained steadfast friends and supporters of Burns and his work."

A Des Moines man had an attack of muscular rheumatism in his shoulder. A friend advised him to go to Hot Springs. That meant an expense of \$100.00 or more. He sought for a quicker and cheaper way to cure it and found it in Chamberlain's Liniment. Three days after the first application he was well. For sale by all dealers.

Technical.

Mrs. Jax—"What's the difference between a kleptomaniac and the garden variety of robber?" Jax—"Merely a difference in the price of their law-rens."

Difficult Order.

Willie (at table)—"I want my pudding now, I don't want any old meat and—" Father (sternly)—"You keep your mouth shut and eat your dinner."

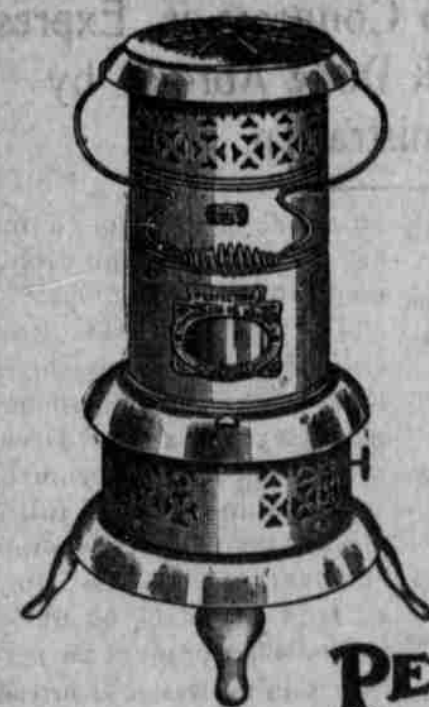
Why? To know? To know? To know?

C. A. MORTON

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he would like to know our stove experts.

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Always the Safest Road.
Though sometimes what is called "a happy hit" may be made by a bold venture, the common highway of steady industry and application is the only safe road to travel.—Samuel Smiles.

Foils a Foul Plot

When a shameful plot exists between liver and bowels to cause distress by refusing to act, take Dr. King's New Life Pills, and end such a case of your system. They gently compel right action of stomach, liver and bowels, and restore your health and all good feelings. 25c at all druggists.

The Man on the Sunny Side.
Every street has two sides, the shady side and the sunny. When two men shake hands and part, mark which of the two takes the sunny side; he will be the younger man of the two.—Bulwer Lytton.

Chronic rheumatism contracts the muscles, distorts the joints and undermines the strength. A powerful penetrating and relieving remedy will be found in BALSAM OF SNOW LINIMENT. It restores strength and suppleness to the aching limbs. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorporated, Drug Department.

Difficult Order.
Willie (at table)—"I want my pudding now, I don't want any old meat and—" Father (sternly)—"You keep your mouth shut and eat your dinner."